

Faculty of Music  
University of Toronto

THURSDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

*Music by*  
*Student Composers*

November 7, 1996 12:10pm  
Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building

Minuet for Brass Quintet

Eva Sze

Greg Colley, Kelly Devenish, trumpets;  
Laura Bending, horn; Nevawn Patrick, trombone; Inderjit Mudhar, tuba

Prelude for Solo Guitar

Andrew Clark

Daniel Bolshoy, guitar

Three Songs from Loon Echo (text by Kenn D. Johnson)

David Kaye

278 1. In Clover  
316 2. Summer Storm  
347 3. Loon Echo Postlude

Karen Wierzba, soprano; Brian Baty, bass

Merah (Red) - a short Indonesian story for the pianoforte

Lusiana Lukman

Putih (White) - a reflection on the colour white

Vanessa Lee, piano

The Maturing Suite (Five Miniatures)

Frank Horvat

Soo Jung Yu, violin;  
Meran Currie-Roberts, cello

Ballad for Carolyn

Paul Arnold

Mike Webster, tenor sax;  
Gord Webster, piano

Nostalgia (text by Art Poon)

Andrew Clark

Catherine Robin, soprano;  
Marsha Elliott, flute; Tracy Smith, guitar; Monika Kulkowska, cello

Mood Swings

Christina Baltazar

Kelly Dupuy, Denis Mastromonaco, trumpets;  
Gail Van Nes, horn; Joe Corcoran, trombone; Sean Steiger, bass trombone

The Empty Ones

David Kaye

Frank Horvat, piano

Memoirs of Henry Haws

Adam Goddard

Zea

Frank Horvat

### *In Clover*

We are all of eight  
as deeply  
we suck on sweet clover  
on this billowy hill;  
there is no concern  
but for pregnant clover shoots  
in daisy-tossed fields  
limp with cloying July sun!  
We race down hills  
into cool water  
and the embrace of willows.

Our world is young,  
each day is pure, cloudless sunshine  
through the brief summer of youth,  
one day flowing into the next  
like brushstrokes  
on a master canvas.

### *Loon Echo Close Up (Postlude)*

There are indisputable signs...

I know it is time to leave Loon Ecl  
for another year  
as the last leaf tugs reluctantly  
in freshet breeze from the maple b:  
the squall chill speaks of winter.  
When you walk, morning frost cru  
on the lichen,  
Yes, it is time to lock up  
our summer dreams...  
time to return to alien city  
where millions of people  
can be lonely together.